collated & perfect. J. D. K. 1797.

Love's Kingdom.

A

Pastoral Trage-Comedy.

Not as it was Acted at the Theatre near *Lincolns-Inn*, but as it was Written, and since corrrected.

BY

Richard Flecknoe.

With a short Treatise of the *English Stage*, &c. By the same Author.

LONDON,

Printed for *Simon Neale* at the Sign of the three Pidgeons in *Bedford-street* in Covent-Garden. 1674.

The First Edition of Love's Kingdom 1664 - is of the same Impression as this 1674. They only vary in the Title-pages.

To his Excellence, *William*, Lord Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle*.

My Noble Lord,

THe *People*, *who* (*as one ſayes well*) *are Judges without Judgement*, *and Authors without Authority*, *had condemn'd this Play on the Stage*, *for want of being rightly repreſented unto them*; *at which*, *many noble Perſons were ſo much offended*, *as I could not in any one Act do it more right*, *or give them more ſatisfaction*, *then by Printing it*, *to ſhew its Innocence. As it is*, *it has had the honour to have been approv'd by moſt of the better and wiſer Sort*;

and if your Excellence but adde unto it your Approbation, I deſire no more. It wants much of the Ornament of the Stage, but that by a lively imagination may eaſily be ſupplyed: For my part, unleſs it may be preſented as I writ it, and as I intended it, I had rather it ſhu'd be read then acted, and have the World for Theatre, rather then the Stage.

Having ſaid thus much by way of Prologue, I leave you to the Play, remaining alwayes,

Your Excellencies

Moſt humble, and moſt devoted Servant,

Richard Flecknoe.

To the noble Readers.

TO think to write without faults, is to think to peel a *Bulbus* Root to the laſt Rinde, or ſweep an earthen Floor to the laſt grain of duſt; and 'tis here, as in the Mint, where if the Droſs exceed not the pure *Or*, it paſſes for currant Coin. The greateſt fault in this kinde of writing, is to erre againſt Art and *Decorum*, of which I hope this Play is free; who findes fault with the mirth in it, never conſider how here with us. Mirth in Playes of this kinde is like Alloy in Coin, which though it abaſes it, yet makes it more paſſible. For the Rhyme, 'tis more excuſable in Paſtorals, then in other Playes; and where I leave the Rhyme or numbers, I imagin'd, that as a good Actor was like a good Singer, ſo a good Play was like a good Song; where 'tis not neceſſary all notes ſhu'd be of an equal length. For the Plot 'tis neat and handſome, and the Language ſoft and gentle, ſuitable to the perſons who ſpeak, neither on the Ground, nor in the Clouds; but juſt like the Stage, ſomewhat elevated above the common. In neither, no ſtifneſs, and (I hope) no impertinence nor extravagance; into which,

your

your young writers are apt to run; who whilſt they know not well what to do, and are anxious to do enough, moſt commonly overdo. Thoſe who think it ſo eaſie now to make a good Play, will tell me ſome twenty years hence how hard it is; when they will finde that 'tis not a good Humor or two in a Comedy will do it, (which are good ſupports 'tis true; but to think they will make a Play, is to think a Pillar or two ſufficient to make a Houſe) nor the writing a fine Copy of Verſes or two, ſufficient to make a Tragedy, or Trage-Comedy; but there muſt go a *Genius* as well as *Ingenium* to't, with long exerciſe and experience. But to leave their Playes, and return to ours; if you like it for whom I writ it, I have my end, which was onely in an innocent and harmleſs way, to divert my ſelf and you.

The Perſons repreſented.

THe *Prologue ſpoken by* Venus *from the Clouds*
Theotimus, *Loves Arch-Flamin, and Governour of* Cyprus.
Polydor, *Loves Inquiſitor.*
Diophantes, *one of the Advocates of Loves Court.*
Palemon, { *A noble Cypriot in Love with* Bellinda, *and lov'd by* Filena.
Evander, { *A ſtranger come to Loves Kingdom on devotion.*
Pamphilus. { *A vicious young fellow, ſtranger to Love's Kingdom, and imagining all as vicious as himſelf.*
Philander, *a noble Cretian,& Bellinda's betroth'd*
Bellinda, { *a noble Cretian Nymph, ſtranger in Love's Kingdom.*
Filena, *a noble Cyprian Nymph.*
Amaranthe, *Governeſs of the Nymphs.*
Cloria, Melliſſa, } *Nymphs of Cyprus.*
Lydia, *with others.* }
Chorus—*of Muſicians, and young Virgins.*
2 Aruſpices.
Love's Sacrificators.
The Popa, *or ſacred Executioner.*
Guards, &c.

The Scene, Cyprus, *with all the Rules of Time and Place ſo exactly obſerv'd, as whilſt for Time 'tis all compriz'd in as few hours as there are Acts; for Place, it never goes out of the view or proſpect of Loves Temple.*

The Prologue.

Spoken by *Venus* from the Clouds.

IF ever you have heard of Venus *name,*
Goddess of Beauty, I that Venus *am;*
Who have to day descended from my sphere,
To welcome you unto Love's Kingdom *here;*
Or rather to my Sphere am come, since I
Am present no where more, nor in the Sky,
Nor any Island in the world, then this,
That wholly from the world divided is:
For Cupid, *you behold him here in me,*
(For there where Beauty *is,* Love *needs must be)*
Or you may yet more easily descry
Him 'mong the Ladies in each beauteous eye;
And 'mongst the Gallants, may as easily trace
Him to their bosoms, from each beauteous face.
May then fair Ladies you,
Finde all your Servants true;
And Gallants, may you finde
The Ladies all as kinde,
As by your noble favours you declare
How much you friends unto Love's Kingdom *are;*
Of which your selves compose so great a part
In your fair Eyes, and in your loving heart.

Loves

Loves Kingdom.

Actus primus.

Enter Evander and Pamphilus.

The Scene, a delightful Landskip or Paſſage.

Evander.

IS't not a pleaſant place?

Pamph. As e're I ſaw; but I can ſee no Wenches yet, and that I long for.

Ev. Why?

Pam. What a queſtion's that? why do the hungry long for meat I pray?

Ev. Then I perceive you are an Epicure in Love, and onely wo'd feed your body.

Pam. I am no Platonick Philoſopher, who while they feed their mindes,

do ſtarve themſelves; give me a Love that ha's ſome ſubſtance in it.

Ev. Well, this is no time for to convert you; behold ſome coming here.

Enter a Troop of Nymphs and Shepherds, ſinging and dancing hand in hand.

The Song.

Come, and in this pleaſant Grove,
Sacred to the Queen of Love,
Let our Voices and our Feet
In harmonious number meet;
Thus we ſing the year throughout,
And merrily, merrily dance about. *Exeunt.*

Ev. O happy Land! of all the ſun ſurveys, where thus perpetually they paſs their dayes; and if onely a living death it be, or dying life to live in miſery; ſeeing their joyful lives, we well may ſay, in all the world there are none live but they.

Pa. They're dainty wenches Ile ſay that for them, and I muſt needs follow them.

Ev. Nay prethee.

Pam. Never talk of it, I can hold no more then a good Greyhound when he ſees the Hare, or Hawk the Quarry; it is all my ſport and inclination, and by their mirth and jollity I know they're right, and of the Game.

Ev. There's your

errour and ignorance now, who do not know,
how true vertue is a chearful thing,
rendring its favourites and followers far
more chearful too, more vertuous they are.

Pam. Hang Vertue! I know no chearfulneſs
but laughing, and I'me ſure all the Nymphs here
are as ſupple and pliant as Kids-leather gloves,
a gentle pluck or two will eaſily draw them on.

Ev. How know you that? who came
but yeſternight a ſtranger hither.

Pam. And how know you the contrary? who came
but hither yeſternight along with me? let it ſuffice
I know all women by inſtinct; and
is not this *Love's Kingdom?* anſwer me to that.

Ev. Well, what then?

Pam. Why then I am in mine,
for I'me the loving'ſt creature
(thou doeſt not know me yet)
I tell thee I was ſuch a forward Childe,
I fell in Love with my Nurſe in the very Cradle;
and they were forc't to wean me,
for fear of ſpoiling her milk.

Ev. A great deflowrer of nurſes it ſeems you are
but had you not better tarry till *Diophantes* comes,
who ha's promis'd to be our guide, and inſtruct us
in their manners and cuſtoms here?

Pam. Tarry you for him if
you pleaſe, my buſines can beſt be diſpatcht alone,
and I need no tutors nor conductors for't.

I thank you.

Ev. Well, thank your self if any harm come of it.

Pam. No harm I'le warrant you, but rather good, the good of posterity, whose business I am going about; and methinks I hear the Children yet unborn, crying out unto me to make haste, and so I will my little pretty sweet Babes. ⸗ *Exit.*

Ev. what a wild fellow's this? I'm sorry & asham'd (now I know him better) that I came along with him to *Cyprus* here; who knows no more of Love then beasts do: and's so bravely impudent and vicious, he puts vice & impudence to the extreamest proof and shames not to be impudent enough: but here comes *Diophantes.* ⸗ *Enter Diophantes.*

Dio. Noble *Evander*, I must demand your pardon if I instead of waiting on you, have made you wait for me; but I am Advocate in *Love's* Court you know, where so many petty quarrels of Lovers are daily to be reconcil'd. W'ave scarcely any vacancy at all, nor had we dispatcht so soon to day, but for the grand Solemnity i'th' Temple.

Ev. What's that I pray?

Dio. Why, 'tis the anniversary Feast of *Venus*, our Sea-born Goddesses first arrival here upon the *Cyprian* shore.

Ev.

Ev. And with good reaſon
you Celebrate that with all Solemnity,
that renders you ſo famous through all the world.

Di. And to add to th' general Solemnity oth' day
there's a particular Ceremony too
renders it more ſolemn.

Ev. What?

Dio. Why, you muſt know
that all ſtrangers by th' Laws of *Cyprus* here
are after three moneths reſidence to ſwear
they love ſome one ith' Iſle, or elſe be baniſht;
now Sir, three moneths to day are juſt expir'd,
ſince there arriv'd a Nymph the moſt admir'd,
and moſt deſerving admiration,
as ever in Love's Kingdom yet was known;
and whether ſhe'l take the ſolemn Oath or no,
onely her ſelf and the Deity do know;
for to all elſe 'tis doubtful.

Ev. Can it be doubted that any here ſho'd love,
where they are all born and bred Lovers; the very
air inſpires it, and 'tis as natural
for them to love, as 'tis to live and breath.

Dio. True Sir, but for our admiration
the gods work miracles ſometimes, and ſhe is one;
but where's your friend *Pamphilus*?

Ev. Rambled ſomewhere abroad,
I know not whither.

Dio. Of what humour, I pray,
and diſpoſition is he?

Ev. Why, harmleſs and merry, only a little wilde

Dio. He thinks perhaps our Nymphs are wanton here;
but Sir, I can aſſure you they are all
ſo chaſte and pure, as Chriſtal you wo'd ſay
is not more pure, nor Ice more clear then they:
And for the Land, know Sir, in all the ſpacious
world there's not a more religious place,
where Love with greater purity is profeſt,
nor ſerv'd and honour'd with more pious breaſt.

Ev. I've underſtood ſo much, and therefore come
expreſly hither on devotion,
to render my vows & off'rings at his ſacred ſhrine

Dio. I applaud you for't, and may the powers divine
for every prayer that you ſend up to them,
ſend you as many bleſſings down agen.

Ev. Soft! who are thoſe come here?

Dio. Oh now you'l ſee
A noble Ceremony and Solemnity.

Enter Theotimus with Aſſiſtants of Loves Sacrificators, with Aſperges and Thuribles beſprinkling and incenſing the place.

The. Far hence be all profane, whilſt here
With Solemn Rites thus every year,
To render all our Lovers true,
We element Love's Kingdom new;
That no heart may too ſtrongly beat,
We give its fires a temperate heat;

We

We give its waters vertuous force,
To ſwage them (taken in their Source)
Fogs of perjur'd vows and oaths,
Which ſpotleſs truth and candour loaths,
We purge the Air from, and the Earth
From every ſtrange and monſtrous birth:
For as ſome Lands their monſters fear,
Luſt onely is our monſter here;
As others pois'nous beaſts moleſt,
So avarice is our pois'nous beaſt:
From which when once a Land is freed,
Then, then Love's Kingdom 'tis indeed. (*Exeunt*
} *Manent Evander & Diophontes.*

Ev. A Ceremony as religious as great!

Di. Y'admire too ſoon, & have ſeen nothing yet, if but compar'd to what you'l ſee anon, worthy your ſight and admiration. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Palemon in deſperate action, withheld by Polydor.

Pol. You wo'nt be mad?

Pal. I will be nothing but for Love, and for Love I will be any thing;—— pray unhand me:—— Shall *Bellinda*, the divine *Bellinda* be baniſht hence to day, and ſhall *Palemon* ſee it, and ſhall he live?

Pol. And ſhall the gallant and the brave *Palemon* dye onely for fear of death? how low—and poorly wo'd it ſhew! and that's the worſt; but I hope better ſtill:

Venus the Goddess of this Isle
has oft done greater miracles then this,
to make one young and fair to love.

Pal. O *Polydor!* who has
miracles for hopes, has hopes too nigh despair.

Pol. I grant you,
but yours are far
from that;—for ha's she not promis'd,
if any i'th' Isle she loves, it shall be you:
And is this no hope? no comfort?

Pal. Just as much
as 'mong the numerous and unhappy throng
of her excluded Lovers to stand next the door,
first expos'd to the affront, and nighest concern'd
in the disgrace.

Pol. Nay, if you give your self despair,
'tis in vain to give you hope; suppose the worst:
If you love fair *Bellinda*, as you say,
and she perchance be banisht hence to day,
what hinders you from following her? vainly and
ridiculously does he complain of Winter,
who by following the sun might still enjoy the
Spring.

Pal. I,—but following an ecclipsed Sun,
what shu'd he gain by it, but onely by
that fatal light to have every thing appear
more sad and dismal then if it absent were?

Pol. Well, though it seem more to be wisht
then hop'd,

that

that ſhe ſhu'd love you; yet take this from me,
your Nymphs are baſhful, and ſo cautious too,
they will not ſeem to love, although they do:
and 'twod appear a miracle to me,
ſhe ſhu'd not feel love who makes ſo many feel it;
or that her heart ſhu'd reſiſt that alone,
was never yet reſiſted by any one:——
But there's I fear ſome farther miſery
in't, and the gods are highly offended w'ye,
or they'd ne're inflict on you as they do
ſo heavy a puniſhment to love one, who
neglects you, and the while, to neglect one.
ſo dearly loves ye, and ſee where ſhe does come.

Enter Filena.

Fi. Where ſhu'd this Nymph be? ſhe's not at home,
nor in the ſacred Grove; and 'tis too ſoon.
to go to th' Temple yet.

Pol. Well, I'le leave you.

Pal. What, will you go
and leave me alone then?

Pol. How can I leave you better accompanied?

Pal. In company of one I hate!

Pol. In company of one
who dearly loves you, and for your hate to her
in theſe pretty skirmiſhes, there is no fear
of danger; for now y'are foes, and then
the peace is made, and you are friends agen,
and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

Pal. What ſhall I do? ſhe has

ſpy'd

ſpy'd me, and there's no avoiding her; I'de beſt diſſemble then, and by one importunity avoid another: —Gentle *Filena*, well met.

Fi. Kinde looks *(aſide.*
that guild the ſun-ſhine, as that guilds the day: Kinde words,
whoſe raviſhing ſweetneſs melts into my heart at ſun-ſhine of thoſe looks of his; how I'me o'rejoyed with them!

Pal. I have a ſuit unto you.

Fi. And I another to you.

Pal. To me! fye, fye,
Nymphs ſue to men!

Fi. Why, not *Palemon* here,
where Love's not onely Love, but Vertue too, it no wayes misbeſeems a Nymph to wooe: —
But what's your ſuit? you may be ſure that I am too much yours *(Palemon)* to deny you any thing.

Pal. You know *Filena*, how much I love *Bellinda*, and how much I long to know if ſhe loves me, which you can tell me beſt, are confident of all the ſecrets of her breaſt.

Fi. Some ſecrets ſhe confides to me 'tis true, but of her Love I know no more then you; for that's a warfare where each one's a ſpy, and every rival is an enemy: (know
She'd ne're truſt me with't then, whom ſhe does am both a Lover, and her Rival too.

Pal.

Pal. Howe're *Filena*, you do know at leaſt
thoſe ſofter minuts, when Nymphs minds are beſt
diſpos'd for the impreſſions of Love;
in one of thoſe then prethee do but move
my Suit unto her, eſpecially before ſhe goes
to th' Temple, when ſhe muſt needs be more
diſpos'd then ever, and thou ſhu'dſt infinitely
oblige me by ſo dear a courteſie.
D'ye hear?

Fi. I do, and will you hear me now?

Pal. If y'ave any new thing to ſay I will,
but of old buſineſſes I pray no more.

Fi. That can't be old that's every day renew'd.

Pal. And how can that be new I pray,
that needs renovation every day?
But of this enough:—prethee *Filena* go,
and if you love me as you ſay you do; (ſhown,
know now's beſt time to ſhew't, for Love's beſt
by doing their wills we love before our own.

Fi. Well then, to ſhew
how much, how dearly I love you, I will go;
and though Love a burthen be,
which two hearts equally
ſhu'd bear, and then 'tis ſweet and light:
But when once all the weight
lyes upon one alone,
a grievous and intollerable one:
my heart ſhall bear it yet, and ne're repine,
or elſe I'le not acknowledge it to be mine.

Pal.

Pal. That's bravely and nobly reſolv'd.

Fi. But is there no hope, no pitty for *Filena*?

Pal. To deal ingeniouſly w'ye,
and not abuſe you with civility,
There's pitty, but no hope; for *Bellinda* has all
my ſtock of Love, and conſequently
for loving any other has rendred me ſo poor,
as I can dye, but I can love no more.

Fi. Since you are ſo reſolv'd, *Palemon* know,
Filena too can dye as well as you;
and be aſſur'd that the ſame meſſenger
brings news *Palemon* does *Bellinda* wed,
ſhall carry back the news, *Filena*'s dead.

Pal. Soft, ſoft *Filena*, for I'de have you know,
to th' thing call'd dying there goes more then ſo;
and every Coward is valiant enough
to talk of death, but when it comes to th' proof,
their hearts do fail, as yours no doubt will too,
wherefore dear *Filena* I'le be gone,
and ſhall not fear to leave you here alone.
(*ſpoken ſcornfully.* *Exit.*

Fi. Cruel *Palemon*! is't not enough, that thou
refuſeſt me, but thou muſt ſcorn me too?
This is not to be endur'd! one nobly born
can better ſuffer injury then ſcorn;
but what do I ſay wretch as I am, or how
com theſe high thoughts in one that's faln ſo low:
I'me now engag'd, what ever does befall,——
and thoſe who'are ſlaves to Love muſt ſuffer all.
Exit. *Enter*

Enter Pamphilus, looking after her.

Pam. Hey! whurr! there boults another wench,
the Warren's all full of them,
and I, like a good Tumbler,
am ready to throw my ſelf after every one:—
and ſee here coms another! & alone too? *Enter Amaranta.*
this opportunity is the ſhell that Love
is hatched of, and the Nymphs here juſt like
young Lapwings run away with't on their heads;
you ſhall ſee how I'le accoaſt her now.—
Fair Nymph, might I be ſo bold I pray,
to requeſt the time o'th' day of you?

Am. Oh Sir, with all my heart,
it ſhall be any time oth' day you pleaſe for me,
I'le not ſtick w'ye for half an hour or ſo.

Pa. Lo ye there now! there's ne're a ſextons wife
in all *Cyprus* co'd anſwer ye more courteouſly:
a kinde Wench I'le warrant her;—
Let's ſee what's next now?
Pox on't, I better know what to do with wenches
then what to ſay to them; and we Complementers
of the firſt head, when w'are paſt our legs & faces
are paſt the greateſt part of our diſcourſe:—
It ſhall be ſo, and how have you done I faith,
ſince I ſaw you laſt?

Am. Right and methodical!
how d'ye? and what's a clock? I'le wager now
next is, what news? or ſomewhat about the weather
the ordinary diſcourſe of thoſe who can

diſ-

diſcourſe of nothing,—and when was't I pray you ſaw me laſt?

Pam. Why, in *Plato's* great year, don't you remember it? I do as perfectly as if 'twere but to day; by the ſame token, meeting you juſt as I do now, I took you by the hand, and kiſſing it, led you juſt into ſuch another Grove as this.

Am. Juſt no ſuch matter: pray ſtay a little, ſure you don't remember well.

Pam. Moſt perfectly, by the ſame token I ſaluted you too. *(She puts him by.*

Am. I knew you were quite wide, not me I'le aſſure you.

Pam. You can't deny't I'me ſure.

Am. Indeed Sir but I can.

Pam. And thereupon I told you, that having ſo fair opportunity; but loſe it, you'd never have the like agen.

Am. Opportunity for what?

Pam. Nay, if you know not that, we ſhal never have done;—com leave diſſembling I know you Nymphs here are all ſo learned, as your husbands can teach you nothing on the marriage-night, but what you knew before.

Am. Bleſs me! I never heard man talk thus wildely!

Pam. And how firſt time you went abroad after fifteen, when you return'd agen,

you found y'ad left your gloves, handkercher, and maidenhead, with ſome ſuch odd toyes behinde you.

Am. Wilder and wilder ſtill! I begin to be afraid of him, pray let me go; is this diſcourſe for Maids?

Pam. I, as good a Milkmaid as my Nurſe I'le warrant you;—but ſtay, ſhe may be one perhaps, and that 'tis makes her ſo ſhie and timerous, for maids apprehend the loſs of a maidenhead as fearfully, as the loſs of an arm or leg, and imagine they ſhall be maim'd for ever after.—Come, come, ne're fear, I perſwade you to nothing but what I will do w'ye my ſelf for company.

Am. I'me more and more afeard of him, I wo'd ſome body wo'd come to rid me of him, and ſee in happy time here's ſome, and yonder's more: now I may be as merry with him, as he ha's been with me:—Cry mercy Sir, now I remember this *Plato*'s great year you talk of as perfectly *Some paſs over the Stage.*

Pam. Oh do you ſo! I knew you could not forget it.

Am. By the ſame token *Theotimus* chief Governour of the Iſle paſt by with a numerous train juſt as we were alone together.

Pam. Yonder I think he comes indeed.

Am.

Am. When I made bold to ask you one queſti-
Pam. What was that? on Sir,
Am. Why, whether you lov'd dancing or no?
Ham. Oh exceedingly.
Am. Right, ſo you told me; and thereupon I ſaid he'd help you then to a certain ſpritely inſtrument to dance after call'd a whip, a whip; d'ye hear Sir, worth a hundred of your Kits and Violins, to make ſuch gallants as your ſelf to friſk and caper.
Pam. Umh! I remember nothing of all this now, but beſhrew me next *Plato*'s great year I fear I ſhall indeed, 'leſs I get me gone the ſooner.
Am. Nay, hark ye, hark ye Sir, Pray don't go yet; now I remember me I can tell ye what time o'th' day 'tis too.
Pam. As for that, I know it now I thank you, it is time for me to get me gone, as I take it. (*Exit.*
Am. Why then farewel my Platonick Philoſopher, and Anteplatonick Lover.

Enter Theotimus, Chorus of Muſicians, and young Virgins, Polydor, Evander, Diophantes, Palemon, &c.

The Song ſung by a Baſs, Tenor, and Treble.

Chorus ſings. *Prais'd be the Deities above!*
Ten. *We love.*
Baſs. *We lov'd.*
Treb. *And we ſhall love.*

Cho.

Cho. *O ye blest immortal Powers!*
Grant this happy Land of ours
1. *Pure fires,*
2. *Pure fewel,*
Cho. *All things pure,*
And that our flames may ever dure.

The. Now Children, in a word to tell,
what noble Love is, (mark me well)
it is the counterpoise that minds
to fair and vertuous things inclines;
it is the gust we have, and sence,
of every noble excellence;
it is the pulse, by which we know
whether our souls have life or no;
and such a soft and gentle fire,
as kindles and inflames desire,
until it all like Incense burns,
and unto melting sweetness turns.

Ev. Whose heart
melts not within his breast at hearing this?

The. Who's that?

Dio. A noble stranger come hither on
devotion unto Love's sacred Shrine.

The. He's welcome. *(Even. kisses his hand.)*

Pal. Somewhat more then this to boot,
by experience I can adde unto't;
Love is a union of all
we happy and unhappy call,
a mixture where together meet

both pleasing pain, and bitter sweet;
the greatest joy and greatest woe
a mortal breast can ever know,
to shew its great disparity
in fair *Bellinda* and in me;
in her face 'tis a paradice,
where all delicious pleasures lies,
and in my heart it is a hell,
where all your worst of torments dwell.

Th. Once more y'are welcom — now set forwards
and with all the pomp and ceremony you may
proceed to Celebration of the day. (*Exeunt.*

Manent Theotimus and Polydor.

The. Polydor, stay you, you're Loves Inquisitor,
look well unto your charge, we hear there are
(besides Atheists, who impious deny
Love's sacred Power and Authority;
and Libertines, whose vicious lives are such,
as they profane the Deity as much)
new Heresies in Love sprung up of late,
Platonicks, *Scepticks*, dangerous to the State;
e're they take deeper root, and farther spread,
be it your care to see 'um exstirpated.

Pol. It shall, most reverend Sir.

The. Other abuses there are beside,
'gainst which we must most carefully provide;
as talking of *Cupid* so familiarly,
as if he were some vulgar Deity;

and

and making Love the buſineſs and employ
of every idle Girle, and wanton Boy;
taking of every fond deſire for it,
whilſt difference 'twixt them is as infinite,
as 'twixt folly and wiſdom, vertue and vice,
or deep abyſs, and higheſt Paradice.——
This muſt be lookt unto.

Pol. As 'tis moſt fit.

The. Is the Nymph ſummon'd to the temple yet?

Pol. 'Tis not time yet till the ſixth hour be paſt

The. When 'tis,
be it your care to ſummon her, and ſee
that all be ready for the Solemnity:——
This day peculiarly Love is thine,
work miracles, and ſhew thy ſelf divine.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS 2.

Bellinda ſola.

The Scene, a Wood or Boſcage.

Bellinda.

YE aged Oaks, the ſemi-gods abodes, (Gods;
and who your ſelves in ancient times were
and ſolitary Woods, whoſe walks and ſhade
Lovers ſo oft their confidents have made,
whilſt never did your walks nor ſhades diſcloſe
either a Lovers joyes, or Lovers woes:

You I dare truſt with ſecrets, which I ne're
durſt truſt with any ſince my coming here:
I love,—but Oh! if any liſt'ning ear
ſhu'd have o'reheard me now, as 'tis my fear!
And ſee where this inquiſitive Nymph do's come?
Wo'd ſhe were deaf, or elſe that I'de been dumb.
Fi. Faith, I faith. (*Enter Filena.*
I'me glad I've found you.
Bell. Why?
Fi. For now 'tis clear you love.
Bell. How ſo? —'tis as I fear'd,
ſhe has o'reheard me. (*Aſide.*
Fi. Theſe very trees and woods declare it.
Bel. Ay me! this 'tis to truſt ones minde (*aſide.*
with trees, whoſe leaves whiſper with every wind;
with woods, whoſe very walks & ſhades have ears,
and babbling Eccho that tells all it hears.
Fi. She fears, 'tis a good ſign, Ile urge her further—
your ſolitude and retirement too confirms it;
for no Nymph here
retir'd from company ever walks alone;
but Love is ſtill gentle companion of
her ſolitary thoughts.
Bell. If that be all, 'tis well. (*Aſide.*
Fi. And why ſhu'd you with ſo much caution now
conceal this from me? as I did not know
how Love did all things out of chaos make,
and all to chaos wo'd agen turn back:
If all things did not love, from Gods and men

to

to ſenſeleſs and inanimate things agen;
and what a monſter ſhu'd *Bellinda* prove,
if onely ſhe of all things did not love? (tongue;

Bel. Of all the Nymphs that ever ſpoke with this Nymph has Magick I muſt bleſs me from!

Fi. Where is the friendſhip y've ſo long profeſt to make me ſuch a ſtranger to your breaſt?

Bel. Truſt me dear friend, if what you ſay be true, I am more ſtranger to my breaſt then you.

Fi. See how you bluſh now when you tell me ſo!

Bel. Ay me! mine own bluſhes betray me too! What is it can be ſecret in a Lover, when even their bluſhes do their Loves diſcover?

Fi. What and ſigh too! nay then you love, 'tis clear, for, but for Love, none ever ſighed here.

Bel. my ſighs betray me too! how many traytors have Lovers about them? (*Aſide.*

Fi. But why ſhu'd yôu ſigh! you live happily; and ſighs are for the miſerable, ſuch as I:——
Palemon loves yôu, and ſo loves you too,
as he even pines away for Love of you;
conſumes with grief, languiſhes with deſpair,
melts into tears, and ſighs himſelf to air;
faith, give him ſome comfort e're you go
unto the Temple, ſweet *Bellinda* do;
poor Youth, he's in ſo deſperate eſtate,
I fear, leſt after it may come too late.

Bel. What greater comfort can he expect of me, then that, if any i'th' Iſle I love, 'tis he?

Fi. Poor comfort, that it ſhall be him alone,
if any i'th' Iſle you love, if you love none;
this is to mock his hopes; and they deny
rather then grant, who promiſe doubtfully.

Bell. More (*Filena*) I neither will nor can
give him, until I go to th' Temple anon,
and there conſult the Gods what I ſhu'd do.

Fi. Conſult your own thoughts rather,
and your minde.

Bell. 'Tis not eaſie as you think to finde
the ſource and origin of our thoughts and minde;
of which t'one is ſo deep, t'other ſo high,
as there are Opticks made to pierce the sky,
plummets to ſound the bottom o'th' ocean;
but for to pierce and ſound a heart there's none.

Within. Bellinda, Bellinda.

Bell. Here! who calls? (*Enter Polydor.*

Pol. 'Tis I.

Fi. Gentle *Polydor*,
what news from th' Temple w'ye?

Pol. Nothing, but onely all's prepared there
for th' grand ſolemnity, and onely fair
Bellinda's preſence expected.

Bell. If't be ſo,
let us away.

Pol. Soft, 'tis not time to go this hour yet.

Bell. And that a day will ſeem to be
a moneth, a year, a very age to me. (*Exit joyfully.*

Pol. D'ye think ſhe loves?

Fi.

Fi. I know not, let's divine,
and joyn your obſervations to mine;
D'ye mark with how great joy away ſhe went?
none goes ſo chearfully to baniſhment.

Pol. But if her body's here, and mind elſewhere,
'tis ſhe does baniſh us, and not we her.

Fi. Well, if ſhe love, I wonder what art
can carry fire ſo ſmother'd in her heart,
as none nor by the flame nor ſmoak can know
whether ſh'ave any in her breaſt or no.

Pol. And if ſhe do not love again, then ſhe
of all the Nymphs I yet did ever ſee,
the moſt my admiration does move,
t' have ſo much beauty, and ſo little love.

Fi. I'le follow and obſerve her better.

Pol. Do,
and I'le but ſtay awhile and follow you.

(*Exit Fidena. Enter Pamphilus.*

Pam. That Wench! that wench wo'd I give a limb for now,
though I halted to an Hoſpital for it, (and there
are many have venturd as far for wenches as that
comes to) I muſt needs have her, and ſhe here
ſhall be my Agent in the buſineſs.—
D'ye hear, d'ye hear Sir, a word with you I pray.

Pol. With me! your pleaſure Sir.

Pam. D'ye know that Nymph there?

Pol. Very well, what then?

Pam. Why then I ſhu'd deſire

your better acquaintance; for look ye, suppose a man shu'd have a minde unto her.

Pol. A minde, what minde?

Pam. Why, a nioneths minde or so.

Pol. Why then, after a moneth you may be rid of's

Pam. I hope Sir you do not mock me?

Pol. Indeed Sir, but I do,—— you must pardon me.

Pam. 'Tis well you confess it, and ask my pardon, I shu'd be very angry else, I can tell you

Pol. This is some simple stranger, ignorant of our manners and customs, rather meriting pitty then anger. (*Aside.*

Pam. He understands nothing but plain down-right language I see, that calls every thing by its right name:—Well Sir, since I perceive you are a little dull, in plainer terms I'de fain——you understood me. (*Aside.* (*Whispers.*

Pol. How Sir?

Pam. Even so Sir,

Pol. D'ye know where you are?

Pam. Why, in *Love's Kingdom*, where shu'd I be?

Pol. But not——in *Lusts*——remember that.

Pam. Pox a these nice distinctions! that onely serve to break Dunces heads, and keep Maidenheads so long, till they are quite mart'd:——Come, come, I know

no

no other love but what I've told you.

Pol. Then you muſt be taught,
and learn other language too, or elſe this Iſle
(I can tell you) will prove too hot for you.

Pam. Wo'd the Nymphs were not ſo cold,
and let the Iſle be what it will, (*Aſide.*

Pol. And now to inſtruct you a little better, know
that for all lewd and laſcivious ſpeeches we
have a gentle puniſhment here, called whipping.

Pam. Gentle d'ye call it?

Pol. And for fowl libidinouſneſs,
an other excellent remedy call'd caſtrating
that takes it clear away.

Pam. Clear with a witneſs,
bleſs me and all mine from it:
why this is cruel ſir——
have you no regard then to peoples infirmities?

Pol. O yes, a ſpecial one, for your wild and unruly
heats of youth, w'ave an admirable way
of cooling 'um, by marrying 'um unto
old women of fourſcore, there's a cooler for you.

Pam. A cooler with a vengeance! ah ha!
it makes my teeth chatter in my head to think of it
but ſure ſir y'are not in earneſt all this while?

Pol. It ſeems ſir you love to jeſt, but look to't, and
ſay y'ad fair warning; — and ſo farewel. (*Exit.*

Pam. Farewel quoth ye?
marry 'tis time to bid farewel indeed
if this be ſo, whipping, caſtrating, and

mar-

marrying to old women of fourſcore!
a great conſolation for a man that loves
a wench; but he ſaid all this ſure
onely to fright me;
yet let him ſay what he will,
woo'd I had that wench ſay I.

Enter Amaranthe, Cloria, Lydia, Meliſſa, &c.

Whow? here comes a whole ocean of them!
now am I in my element, and I ſhall wallow
like a Porpoſs amongſt them.

Am. What my Platonick Philoſopher,
and Anteplatonick Lover agen?

Pam. 'Slid is ſhe there? I'd beſt be gon then, I'm
as feard of her as a dog is of a whip.

Am. What is he going? I muſt needs have
ſome ſport with him before he goes.——
Hark ye, hark ye ſir, pray ſtay a little.

Pam. Now will ſhe trappan me
into a whipping, I'm ſure;
yet I am ſuch a fool I muſt needs tarry.

Am. Theſe nymphs here wo'd be glad
of your better acquaintance:

Pam. With all my heart.

Lyd. What means *Amarinthe?*

Am. Come nearer, nearer yet; now nymphs
look on him (I pray) and mark him well.

Pam. This goes well hitherto——
I muſt prepare my ſelf to court um now.

Am. And

Am. And now be't known unto you all,
he's one whom y'are to bleſs your ſelves from, as
from ſome ghoſt or goblin.—

Pam. How's this?

Am. For he'l haunt you,
haunt you worſe then they,
and ſtick t'ye faſter then burrs, or rather pitch
that defiles all it touches: there is no
purifying your ſelvs a month after h'as once been
in your company.

Mel. Bleſs us from him!

Pam. The devil's in her!
in what a fair way of courtſhip was I, and how
ſh'as put me out of it?

Am. Yet (wo'd ye think it?)
he imagins all the nymphs are in love with him,
nay will ſwear it, if they look but on him once,
and then talk ſo lewdly, as ſhews him all
groom and foot-boy within,
however without he appears a Gentleman.

Pam. She'l make me all groom
and foot-boy preſently, ſhe'as half
transformed me already.

Am. Nay, hold up your head ſir,
and ben't aſham'd of your commendations.

Pam. Commendations d'ye call it? I wonder what
are your reproaches, if theſe be your commenda-
tions. (*Aſide.*

Lyd. Sure *Amaranthe* you wrong him.

Pam. I indeed,
does she sweet heart,

Lyd. Forbear, and know your distance Sir.

Am. Nay he's like
a Spannel, hold him at arms end, or he'l
be in your bosom presently.

Mel. Nay, now y'are too cruel.

Am. If he wo'd either spare
his own or others modesty, I wo'd be
content to spare him yet?

Pam. I must suffer I see.

Am. But see *Theotimus* coming,——cultivating
our youth, and sowing in their tender mindes
the seeds of all our future happiness, for
'tis not the culter o'th' Land, but of the minde
makes people happy;
and as that's done well or ill,
so they are happy or unhappy still.

Enter Theotimus, *Chorus of Musicians, and young Virgins*, Diophantes, Evander, *&c.*

The. Now tender Virgins all draw near,
And Loves diviner doctrine hear;
First, Nymphs be modest as you go.
For just as by the pulse we know
The bodies state, so we as well
By th' eyes, the state o'th' minde may tell;
And rowling eyes do but betray
A heart that rowls as well as they.

Chor.

Chor. ſings. *O fly then far*
Glances that are
But outward ſigns, by which we finde
The inward temper of the minde;
And rowling eyes do but betray
A heart that rowls as well as they.

Pam. Hei day, now will theſe wenches wear their eyes like ſpectacles on their noſes, and look as demurely as Cows in bon-graces.

The. Then for your kiſſes, oh, be ſure
No Virgins ever thoſe endure;
For you are flowers and blooming Trees,
And men are ſuch deflowring Bees:
Let once their kiſſes light upon ye,
They ſoon will ſuck all ſweetneſs from ye,
And womens lips with kiſſing us'd
Will look but juſt like Cherries bruis'd.

Chor. ſings. *O fly then far*
Kiſſes that are (ye;
Like Bees that ſuck all ſweetneſs from
Let 'um once but light upon you:
And womens lips with kiſſing us'd,
Will look but juſt like Cherries bruis'd.

Pam. Now will theſe wenches lips grow as cold as dogs noſes, if they leave off kiſſing once.

The. But above all take heed agen
You fly and ſhun the touch of men;
For there's no canker more devours,
Nor mildew more blaſts tender flowers,

Then

Then men will you, whose lightest touch
Will soon your fresher beauties smutch;
And once but tainted in your hue,
You well may bid the world adieu.

Chor. sings. *O fly then far*
Touches that are
So blasting, as the lightest touch
Will soon your fresher beauties smutch;
And once but tainted in your hue,
You well may bid the world adieu.

Pam. 'Tis time to bid the world adieu indeed, if there be no touching 'um.

Th. Now that we ben't expected there, 'tis time to th' Temple to repair: I must set forwards there before. (*Exeunt.*

Manent Diophantes, Evander, Pamphilus, Amaranthe, Gloria, Lydia, Meliss.

Ev. Oh! *Pamphilus* well met; and how d'ye finde the nymphs here, ha?

Pam. As I co'd wish, the kindest, lovingst souls as e're I met withal.

Am. How's this! let's stand close, and over hear him.

Pam. You need not multiply the Phenix to sum up the number of all the maidenheads I shall leave in *Cyprus* here, before I've done with 'um.

Am. D'ye hear?

Ev. Is't possible!

Pam. No, no, I knew not the humor

and

and diſpoſition of the nymps here, I.

Em. Troth, and ſo I think ſtill. (*Aſide.*

Pam. I hope now you'l believe me another time?

Ev. It may be ſo, but now I ſwear I do not. (*Aſide.*

Dio. Yet let us ſooth and humour him to have ſome ſport with him; —— you know all the Nimphs here then?

Pam. O moſt intimately.

Diop. Amaranthe, Cloria, Lydia, Meliſſa?

Pam. All, all—— and have had favours from every one of them, this Ring from one, this Ribband from a ſecond, this Jewel from a third.

Mel. What a lying fellow's this!

Dio. And what think you of *Cloria*?

Pam. She kiſſes well, I've gone no farther with her yet, but there is hope I may in time.

Clo. Shall I indure this?

Am. Nay prethee,

Dio. And *Lydia*?

Pam. With her I muſt confeſs I've had a little more familiarity.

Lyd. There's no indaring this!

Am. Yet this was he you thought I wrong'd.

Lyd. Hang him, none can, but onely by reporting too well of him.

Pam. For *Amaranthe* ſhe's the coyeſt of 'um all.

Am. I

Am. I thank you.

Pam. And was ſo angry with me for a kiſs I ſtole from her, but I ſoon pacified her:

Dio. As how?

Pam. Why, I told her that rather then that ſhud make a war betwixt us, which was wont to be the ſigne of peace with others,
I'd make her double ſatisfaction; and for one kiſs I took from her, wo'd give her two.

Ev. So then (as you imagin'd 'um) you finde all the Nymphs here as ſupple and plyant as kids leather Gloves, a gentle pluck or two will eaſily draw 'um on.

Pam. Draw 'um on! won'd ſome body wou'd draw 'um off for me:
I fear I ſhall be raviſht by 'um.

Am. Out upon him, I'le hear no more, let's go, and as we paſs, ſhew him all the neglect and ſcorn we can poſſible.

They paſs by him frowningly and Exeunt.

Dio. D'ye mark how they frown upon him?

Pam. Favours, meer favours, believe it Gentlemen, and onely invitations to follow 'um; you ſee how I am courted, and muſt pardon me.

Exit.

Dio. The man's as impudent as vain I ſee, and though this hitherto be but in jeſt

you

you whom he counts his friend may tell him beſt,
If he imagines with injurious lyes
To get him honour by their injuries:
Our Nymphs are all of ſuch unqueſtion'd Fame,
He'l ſooner puniſhment, then credit gain. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Palemon.

Pal. This way the fair *Bellinda* is to paſs
Unto the Temple, and although ſhe has
Forbid me ſpeaking to her on pain of her
Diſpleaſure, I may ſee her howſoe're;
And as ſhe goes to th' Temple, feaſt mine eyes,
Which happineſs ſhe to my tongue denyes. ——

Enter Bellinda, Filena, Polydor.

See where ſhe comes, and now it fares with me
As with thoſe ſick, who whilſt they long to ſee
The cup they may not taſte, become but more
Thirſty with ſight of't then they were before.

Fi. Behold *Palemon*, as I've appointed him
ith way, can we invent no ſtratagem
to make her now with favourable eye
regard him? think, I'le ſecond you.

Pol. I'le try:
whoſe that *Palemon*?

Fi. Think it be,
but let's go on and think not on him.

Exeunt Bellinda and Polydor.

Pal. She my enemy!

Pol. Ben't deceiv'd *Palemon*, for
'twas ſaid to make her think of you the more.

For just as winde or fanning does the fire
So prohibition more inflames desire. (*Exit.*

Pal. I fain wo'd follow her, but I know that she
Wo'd be offended with it; and for me
To offend her now, were to undo my self,
And in the Haven shipwrack all my wealth.

Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS 3.

Enter Diophantes and Evander.

The Scene, Loves Temple surrounded with Pillars of the Dorick Order, with a Dome or Cupilo o'th' top, and the Statues or Simulachrums of Venus and Cupid on an Altar in the midst of the Temple, all transparent.

Diophantes.

THis is Loves Temple, here who e're repairs,
Findes Love propitious to their vows and Prayers:
Regard not then the proud materials,
Or outward structure of the Vaults and Walls;
But mark the Altar, and the sacred Shrine,
Then which the world has nothing more divine.

Ev. Methinks there's somewhat more then humane here
Fills me with reverence and holy fear!

Dio. Peace,

Dio. Peace, the Ceremony begins.
Ev. And do
the Nymphs begin it?

Enter all the Nymphs in ſolemn manner, addreſſing themſelves unto the Altar.

Dio. Yes,
For of that Sex, Vertues and Graces are
Of thât, all that is beautiful and fair;
And as the care of *Cupids* is to men,
So that of *Venus's* rites is due to them.
Ev. I underſtand, and every thing I ſee
Is ordered here with rare œconomy.
Fi. Thou faireſt, brighteſt Star in heaven,
And moſt benigne of all the ſeven;
If on this day (when every year
We celebrate thy coming here:)
Thou doſt not hear our prayers; 'tis we
Are rather wanting unto thee
Then thou to us; for thou wod'ſt grant
(We know) what ever we do want,
If we (on our parts) did but crave
What e're is fit for us to have;
Grant then to celebrate thy feaſt
A holy and religious Breaſt,
Vertue, high honour, beauty, health,
And minde above all other wealth;
Let others ask what boon they pleaſe,
All that we crave of thee are theſe:

All. Oh hear our vows and prayers as we
do purely love and honour thee. *(Soft Musick.*
Fi. Thou doest confirm us by this Harmony,
O Love our Vows are pleasing unto thee.
Ev. Now I perceive it is our faults, not theirs,
If when we pray, the gods don't hear our prayers.
Dio. Peace now, the other Ceremony begins.
Fi. Let us retire then, and give place to them.

Enter Theotimus, Chorus of Musicians one way, Bellinda the other, brought in by Polydor, Pamphilus, &c.

Chorus sings.

Divinest Love does all command,
In fire and water, air and land;
And all with his commands inspire
In land and water, air and fire.

The. Where is the Nymph?
Pol. Great Sir, behold her here;——
bear back, bear back, room for the Nymph there.
Pam. Now will he break my head,
onely to shew his authority, (you'l see)
'less I get me out of the way the sooner.
The. Then fair and gentle Nymph draw near,
And all our Ceremonies hear,
Which to Religion do dispence
Both Mystery and Reverence:
We first must charm you silent, then
Must vail and blinde your eyes agen;

That

That you may ſee and ſpeak with none,
Untill the Ceremony's done:
Then y'are to go to th' ſacred Cell,
Where a full hour you are to dwell,
Before you are produc't to ſwear,
You love ſome one in *Cyprus* here;
Or elſe (refuſing it) be ſent
Into perpetual baniſhment.——
If then y'ave any thing to ſay,
Now ſpeak it freely whilſt you may.

Bel. Prudence aſſiſt me, thou that beſt canſt tell,
(Aſide.
What I ſhu'd ſay, and what I ſhu'd conceal;——
Knowing great ſir, how w'ar the gods chief care,
More dear to them, then to our ſelves we are:
Behold *Bellinda* here reſigned ſtands
To obey your Laws, and their divine commands.

The. A wiſe and pious Reſignation!
Moſt pleaſing unto Heaven, and ſuch an one
As even neceſſitates the Gods to grant
All that we mortals crave, and all we want.—
Reach us the ſacred Wand
to charm her ſilent then.

The Charm.

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart,
Off-ſpring of a heavenly kinde,
Froſt o'th' mouth, and thaw th' minde;

Admirations chiefeſt tongue,
Leave thy deſart Shades, among
Ancient Hermits hallowed Cells,
Where retyr'd Devotion dwells,
With thy Enthuſiaſmes come
Ceize this Maid, and ſtrike her dumb.

Pam. If every man that's troubled with a ſhrew'd wife had but this Charm, how happy ſhud he be?

The. Now, reach us the ſacred veil—
Where ſuch a cloud of myſteries lyes,
As whilſt we with it blinde your eyes,
If onely you convert your ſight,
From th' outward to the inward light,
Illuminates your ſoul and minde
Sent from above, you ſoon will finde
The Sun here in its brighteſt Sphere,
Will darker then a ſhade appear. *(he vails her.*

Pam. Now were ſhe and I
to play at blinde-man-buff together, ah! what dainty ſport ſhu'd we two make? ſhe ſhu'd catch me, or I'de catch her, 'tſhu'd coſt one of us a fall elſe.

The. Now to the ſacred Cell ſet on,
Where w're to leave her all alone,
Until the hour's expir'd, and then
To th' Temple all repair agen. *(Exeunt.*

Manet Pamphilus.

Pam. Wo'd I were in the ſacred Cell with

with her now,
what holy work ſhu'd ſhe and I make together?
if theſe holy whorſons did not hinder us;
as moſt commonly they hinder all good ſport.—
Well, here will I ſpread my nets to catch
ſome of the Nymphs in their return;
'tis hard if they all 'ſcape me: (*Enter* 1 *Nymph.*
And ſee here's one already.—Fair Nymph,
might I deſire the honor to wait upon you home?

1 No indeed Sir.

Pam. And why ſo?

1 Becauſe 'tis not the cuſtom
for Nimphs in this Country to go alone with men

Pam. But 'tis the cuſtom for men in our Country
when they're alone with women, to offer them
the courteſie of—you know what.

1 I know not what you mean!

Pam. The more's the pitty
you ſhu'd live to theſe years, and be ſo ignorant;
the Nymphs in our Countrey
wo'd have underſtood me preſently:

1 They better underſtand
what belongs to men perhaps; but we Sir, better
what belongs to women. (*Exit.*

Pam. Goodly, goodly! how ſay ye by that?
I was deceiv'd in her; but here comes another.
if I underſtand any thing in women, } *Enter* 2
will be more kinde.—Fair Nymph, } *Nymph.*

2 Pray keep your way Sir, and trouble me not.

Pam. This is worſe then to'ther!
Did you but know how much I love you,
you'd never refuſe my courteſie.

2 And did you but know how little I care for it,
you'd never offer it.

Ham. Hei ho! have ye the heart to hear me
ſigh thus, and never pitty me?

2 Yes indeed, and to laugh at you for it too,
to hear you ſigh thus
like a broken-winded bellows,
or a dry pump, and ſpend ſo much breath in vain,
as we ſhall never wonder hereafter
at *Lapland* Witches ſelling winde ſo cheap.

Pam. But I ſhall alwayes wonder,
that here in *Venus* School the Nymphs ſhu'd learn
no more compaſſion.

2 Now ye talk of Schools,
I muſt to the Graces Grove,
where all the Nymphs are gone
to learn their leſſons. (*Exit.*

Pam. And I will follow them;
ſtrange that all ſhu'd be honeſt!
I have heard of one or two in a Countrey, or ſo,
but all, all, was never heard of before!
I don't deſpair yet.
Well. (*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Amaranthe, Filena, Cloria, Lydia, Meliſſa.

The Scene, the Graces Grove, the Statues of the three Graces in the midſt, all hand in hand embrac'd.

Am. Now Nymphs, here in the Graces Grove,
A place which Beauty moſt does love,
And gentle Love moſt highly prize,
Let's fall unto our exerciſe
Of ſtudying all thoſe gracious parts,
Which moſt do take and conquer hearts.

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. Now will I ſtand here conceal'd, and obſerve them; they ſay, all women when they are alone, put off their modeſties; I ſhu'd be glad to ſee it.

Am. Firſt Nymphs, in honour of the Graces
Let us compoſe our looks and faces
To gentle ſmiles, for no frowns here
In any face ſhu'd e're appear.

Pam. If I thought they would not frown, I ſhu'd ſoon be amongſt them.

Am. And next, as we our faces do,
We muſt compoſe our garments too
With ſuch a decency, as beſt
Becomes the modeſt to be dreſt.

Pam. Wo'd they'd put off their garments once, that's it I look for.

Am.

Am. But ſince the graces of the minde
Are thoſe which moſt adorn our kinde,
It ought to be our chiefeſt care
To render our interiours fair;
Counting th' exterior nothing elſe,
But outward garments of our ſelves.

Pam. Give me the out-ſide,
and take the inſide who's liſt.

Am. Other Graces there are beſide,
Which Nymphs ſhu'd carefully provide,
As dancing, ſinging, and ſuch arts,
Which through the Sences ſtrike their hearts;
And give (where ever they are found)
That dangerous yet gentle wound,
Which never can be cur'd again,
Till *Hymen* eaſe their amorous pain.

Pam. I co'd eaſe and cure it a great deal better, if they would but let me alone with them.

Am. Then let us ſing, that Eccho may
The ſound unto the Woods conveigh;
And after raiſing it more high,
The Woods conveigh it to the Sky;
That heaven and earth may both partake
The Harmony your Voices make.

(Here the Nymphs ſing.

Pam. I co'd make othergeſs muſick with them, if I were but maſter of the Quire amongſt them.

Am. Now let's have a dance, to ſhew,
How that which does enchant men ſo,

Is

Is not the Magick of the face,
The red and white, nor bodies grace;
But 'tis the Magick of the feet,
Where all harmonious numbers meet.
(Here the Nymphs dance.

Pam. I think there's witchcraft in't indeed,
for I can as well be hang'd as hold now,
but I muſt have a friſk amongſt them;
Hei for our Town! *(He comes out dancing.*

Fi. A man amongſt us!
what inſolence is this? *(Exit.*

Pam. Nay, never look ſo ſtrange on it,—
there are thoſe can dance too, you
ſhall ſee elſe. *She dances 'em about one after another.*

Mel. Was ever ſeen the like?

Pam. Yes twenty times,—How ſay you?

Lyd. Away, are you not aſham'd?

Pa. No indeed, I was never aſham'd in my life—
nay, you muſt have your turn too.

Clo. Let me go,—or I'le cry out elſe.

Pam. 'Tis yet too ſoon,
I'le give you more cauſe preſently.

Lyd. Away *Meliſſa.* *(Exit.*

Mel. Away *Cloria.* *(Exit.*

Clo. Away *Lydia.* *(Exit.*

Am. Away all of you,
this is a rudeneſs muſt be complained of.
(Exeunt omnes, manet Pamphilus.

Pam. Look ye! is not this a lamentable caſe?

that

that all the Nymphs ſhu'd flye me as chickens do
a Kite, or birds ſome ſtrange Owl; yet I proteſt,
I mean them no more harm, then their fathers did
their mothers, as they ſhu'd ſoon perceive, if they
wo'd but try me once; I fear I ſhall never do
any good on them, yet I muſt follow them ſtill:
For the devil's in't, when once we begin
to follow wenches, we can never give over. *Exit*

Enter Philander ſolus.

The Scene, the Cyprian Shore, a waving Sea afar off diſcovered, &c.

Phi. Hail happy Iſland! Natures chiefeſt care,
Where all things love, and all things fruitful are;
Where Spring-tide makes perpetual Reſidence,
And rigid Winter's ever baniſht hence;
In you, (O bleſt and happy Land) in you
I ſhall finde her, (if the Oracle be true)
Through all the Iſlands of th' *Egean* Main,
Theſe three moneths I have ſought, and ſought in vain;
Till here arriving now at laſt, I ſee
So vaſte a ſolitude, as amazes me!
Nor on the barren Mauritanean Shore,
Or *Lybian* Deſart, ſcarcely co'd be more!

(*Enter Palemon.*

Pal. I'le hide me no longer from my fears, nor fly
The danger, 'tis childiſh and cowardly,
And (well conſidered) rather does increaſe
Our dangers and our fears, then make them leſs;
For

For looking through that falſe optick fear,
Danger does ſtill more terrible appear,
And terrors in the dark far more affright
(Th' imagination of't) then in the light:
I'le then to the Temple, and whate're befal
By help of this, I am prepar'd for all.
Pointing to his Sword.

Phi. Sir, might a ſtranger here deſire to know
Why all your houſes are deſerted ſo,
As if ſome plague had ſwept 'um; and the Land
Depopulated, as if ſome enemies hand
Had mow'd it with the ſword? to me it does
Appear to wonder ſtrange, that love ſhu'd thus
Leave his own Land unpeopled, whilſt he
Peoples all others ſo abundantly!

Pal. Know Sir, 'tis not for want of people here,
Loves Kingdom does ſo deſolate appear,
But juſt as we perceive from every part,
The blood does all retire unto the heart,
In any great commotion or diſmay;
So all the people, in no leſs, to day
Are gone to th' Temple, in expectancy
O'th' iſſue of our great ſolemnity.

Phi. What's that?

Pal. Why, by the Laws of *Cyprus*, here
All ſtrangers after three moneths are to ſwear
They love ſome one i'th Iſland, or be ſent
Away into perpetual baniſhment:
Now Sir, this oath a Nymph to day muſt take,

Phi. And

Phi. And why shu'd that
so great commotion make?
Pal. 'Cause she's the joy or grief of every one;
Joy if she stay, and grief if she be gone.
Phi. What is this Nymph so much exacts your care,
Pal. One who some three moneths since arrived here,
Wrack't on the Coast, (the rest all drown'd but she)
In whom appear'd so great divinity;
It was another *Venus* you'd have swore,
Born of the Sea, and landing on the shore.
Phi. Just so long 'tis since she was stoln away
from *Crete*, to barbarous pyrates made a prey;
and her name, Sir,
Pal. Bellinda, Sir, they call
this admirable Nymph:
Phi. Her name and all?
and where is she?
Pal. I'th sacred Cell inclos'd,
ready to take the oath.
Phi. And is't suppos'd
she'l take it?
Pal. That as yet, there's none can tell
But this (unto my grief) I can full well,
That less she does, you here behold in me
The wretchedst Lover ever eye did see,
Or ever liv'd in memory of men;

Phi. Hea-

Phi. Heavens! what do I hear? —are you her Lover then?

Pal. Shu'd I deny it, theſe Trees wou'd tell you I am,
Upon whoſe Barks ſo oft I've carv'd her name;
This ſhore ſo oft my lamentations hears —
And Sea that I've augmented with my tears;
As with my ſighs the air; theſe Sir, all theſe
Will tell you I am, though I ſhu'd hold my peace.

Phi. O Heaven! in vain why did you valor give,
If I can hear this now, and let him live?
But ſtay, if ſeeing and loving her be a crime,
I muſt kill all mankinde as well as him;
For all wo'd guilty be, and you ſhou'd finde
None innocent, but the ſenſeleſs, and the blinde:
I'le then ſuſpend my anger, till I know
Whether *Bellinda* does love him or no;
For there, thêre onely the offence does lie,
Elſe hê's the perſon offended, and not I;
For never Tyrant invented greater pain,
Then 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again. —
It ſhall be ſó —and pray Sir, mayn't one ſee
This Nymph you ſpeak of?

Pal. Pleaſe you go with me
Unto the Temple Sir, there you may both
See her, and hear her take the ſacred Oath.

Phi. So confident!

Pal. I've a promiſe Sir from her makes me hope ſo.

Phi. Then

Phi. Then I may well deſpair—— (*Aſide.*
yet will I not be jealous, for that,
Though it begins in love, does end in hate,
And I hêr love to mine ſo far prefer,
As I may hate my ſelf, but never her——
Yet it is ſtrange, if what he ſayes be true!

Pal. But has ſhe any relation unto you,
you ſeem ſo much concern'd for her, Sir?

Phi. No other
But what a Siſter has unto a Brother;
If ſhe be th' ſame as I imagine her:

Pal. Then I beſeech you Sir,
till ſome more near
relation and bond may binde me t'ye,
you wo'd be pleas'd for to accept of me
for your moſt humble Servant.

Phi. That Sir, I
may not; but pleaſe you do me the courteſie
to ſhew me th' way unto the Temple, and you
ſhou'd much oblige me.

Pal. That Sir I ſhall do } *Exit.*
to ſhew my obedience, or any thing I may. } *Pal.*

Phi. I'le follow you then,
pleaſe you to lead the way.——
Now deareſt Love, in this thy kingdom be
As kinde and as propitious unto me.
As through thy grace and favour I hope to finde
Eaſe for my wearied limbs and troubled minde;

And

And a calm port and ſure retreat at laſt
After ſo many ſtorms and dangers paſt. (*Ex. Phil.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS 4.

Enter Palemon and Philander.

The Scene, Loves Temple, as before, two Aruſpiece with burning Cenſors, &c.

Palemon.

NOw hêre Love at thy ſacred ſhine
I offer up theſe vows of mine,—
Father of dear and tender thoughts,
Thou who the hardeſt boſom ſofts;
Soften *Bellinda's* heart, and make
Her but thy dear impreſſions take;
So ſhall I burn Arabian Gums,
And offer up whole Hecatombs
Upon thy Altar, whilſt thy fires
Shall ſhine as bright as my deſires.

1. *Aru.* Whilſt he the Deity does invoke
The flame aſcends in troubled ſmoke:

Phi. What ſort of offering mine ſhall be,
Divineſt Love's beſt known to thee;
Nor ſpices, nor Arabian Gums,
Nor yet of beaſts whole Hecatombs:

Theſe are too low and earthly, mine
Are far more heavenly and divine,
An Adamantine faith, and ſuch
As jealouſie can never touch:
A conſtant heart, and loyal breaſt,
Theſe are the offerings thou lov'ſt beſt.

2. Arm. Loves fires ne're brighter yet appear'd,
Who e're thou art, thy vows are heard.

Enter Theotimus, *Chorus of Muſicians one way*, Bellinda *'tother, with all the Nymphs*, Polydor, Evander, Diophantes, Pamphilus, *&c.*

Pal. Now ſee here where ſhe comes.

Phi. Her noble frame,
habit, and ſtature tells me 'tis the fame?

The. Why comes ſhe not away?

Pol. What ails ſhe there?

Am. Help, help, ſhe ſwounds:

Lyd. Give her, give her more air?

The. Hold, hold, I charge you, and let none preſume to touch the conſecrated veil.

Pol. Behold ſhe's come
to her ſelf again;

The. Let the Solemnity
go on then.

Phi. Now I clearly ſee 'tis ſhe.

The. Now on this Book here lay your hands,
Cover'd with skins of Doves and Swans;
And *Love* ſo help you as you ſwear,
Unfeignedly you love one here.

Phi. Now

Phi. Now *Philander* thou ſhalt know
whether ſhe be true or no:
Pal. And I know my deſtiny,
Whether I'me to live or dye.
The. Thus I uncharm your tongue, now ſpeak
And to our joyes your ſilence break.
Bel. Then by Loves ſacred deity I ſwear,
I love one in the Iſle.
Phi. What do I hear!
The. Enough,—the charm agen, I thus apply:
Pal. O me, moſt happy!
Phi. And moſt unhappy I!
The. Now bear her to the Cell again,
Where yet an hour ſhe's to remain;
Suffer'd to ſee nor ſpeak with none
Untill the hour be paſt and gone.

Chor. ſings.

Praiſed be Love does all command
In fire and water, air, and land,
And all with his commands inſpire
In land and water, air and fire. (*Exeunt.*

Manet Filena.

Fi. Bellinda Love! nay then my fears I ſee
Were not in vain, and nothing's left for me,
But onely death; when nothing elſe prevails:
That's the laſt remedy, and never fails.
§ *Enter Palemon, and ſeeing her, returns.*
Stay, ſtay *Palemon*,

This is the laſt time we ſhall ever meet;
Stay then and hear me, it is nobler yet
To kill me like the baſilisk with your ſight,
Then like the Parthians, kill me with your flight—
But he is gone (alas) and does deny
Me the laſt office of humanity
Of cloſing of my dying eyes in death,
And when I expire, receive my lateſt breath.—
The many wayes that lead to death do make
Me yet irreſolute which way to take;
But ſome way I muſt take, and ſpeedily
Reſolve upon it too, what e're it be. *Exit.*

Enter Pamphilus.

The Scene, The precints of the Temple.

Pam. Strange! that I can finde no way
to faſten on theſe Nymphs?
here comes one now, *Enter firſt Nymph.*
and I'le try a way with her
that ſeldom fails they ſay.—Fair Nymph
pleaſe you to accept theſe Jewels here?

1. Nym. Wherefore Sir?

Pam. Onely to buy your love, nothing elſe

1. Nym. Bleſs me! *Throws them away and exit.*
Simony in love!

Pam. This is the firſt wench
as ever I met withal,
that refus'd preſents when they were offer'd her,
and I think will be the laſt.—

This

This is a ſtrange Countrey,
where a man can't get a wench
neither for love nor money? well, I perceive
this handling 'um with ſo much ceremony
is that which ſpoils 'um,
and makes 'um ſo nice and tickliſh
there is no touching 'um:
women ſhu'd be handled like nettles,
but preſs them hard
and you may do any thing with them,
and I'le try that way with the next I meet.

Enter Filena.

Fil. I have bethought me of a way to dye
and muſt go ſeek out *Amaranthe's* help.

Pam. Stay Lady, a word with you I pray
before you go. (*Lays hold on her.*

Fil. Was ever ſuch a rudeneſs? unhand me ſir,
and know that Virgins are like ſacred Reliques
beheld with reverence; but let men come
to touch 'um once, their reverence is gone,—
what wou'd you with me?

Pam. What a queſtion's that?
when a man's alone with a woman, you
may eaſily gueſs what he wou'd have with her.

Fil. Hence and avoid my ſight, for now I ſee,
How all that we call vicious is in thee;
Foul corrupter of honour, as cankers of faireſt flowers,
Shame of thy Sex, diſhonourer of ours!

Pam. Whow, whow! is the woman mad?

Fi. Avoid my ſight I ſay, thy glowing eyes
like Baſilisks will kill me elſe; go and repent
thee of thy crying ſins. (*Exit.*

Pam. What are thoſe?
I know no crying ſins I have,
but mine own Baſtards: —Well, go thy wayes,
if e're thou marrieſt, I'le give thy husband this
comfort, he ſhall have no other iſſue of thee
but nails and teeth, if thou be'ſt ſuch a Vixen.

(*Enter Evander and Diophantes.*

Ev. Now *Pamphilus*, what's the matter,
that the Nymph is gone in ſuch a rage away?

Pam. Nothing, nothing, onely I offer'd her
the courteſie oth' Countrey, and ſhe refus'd it,
that is all.

Ev. Why then, I ſee you need not multiply
the Phenix, to ſum up all the Maidenheads
you'l leave in *Cyprus*,
before you have done with them.

Pam. Well, well, you do not know yet.

Ev. Yes, but we do Sir, more then you imagine—
of a certain Nymph, you met in *Plato*'s great year,
and how ſhe entertain'd you.

Pam. 'Slid! how comes he to know of that?

Ev. And of divers other encounters
with them ſince, when you could not deſire to be
better mockt and laught at then you were.

Dio. And now Sir, pray

as you finde our Nymphs here, ſo report of them;
and know 'tis not the way
for men to gain them reputation here,
to make themſelves more vicious then they are.

Pam. Nay, if he chide once I'me gone.

Ev. Y'are deceiv'd, he chides you not,
but rather gives you good counſel.

Pam. That is as 'tis taken,—'tis good councel
to thoſe who mean to follow it;—
but to me 'tis flat chiding,
and I'le hear no more of it.

Ev. Nay pray.

Pam. Not I I ſwear,——
Chide me! who have liv'd like a Saint here, and
not toucht a Wench to day! (*Exit.*

Ev. But tarry a little.

Dio. No, let him go, I ſee
he's forfeited to vice and debauchery
beyond redemption; and ſuch as he,
when vice is once turn'd nature, ne're repent,
till they find their ſhame, or feel their puniſhment
} *Exeunt.*

Enter Filena and Amaranthe meeting.

The Scene, a Landskip or Paiſage.

Fi. Amaranthe,—well met,
I've ſought you all about,
And co'd not reſt until I'de found you out;
You know whilſt you and I the other day

In yonder Mead, beheld our young Lambs play,
One of them (ſtragling from the reſt) we ſpy'd
Fell down, ſtretcht forth its tender limbs, and dy'd
In as ſhort time as I've been telling t'ye,
And wondring what the reaſon of't ſhu'd be,
You ſaid 'twas with eating
a venomous herb grew there.

Am. 'Tis true, —what then?

Fi. You know beſides how here,
where Love is even the vital air we breath,
and its privation conſequently death;
depriv'd once of our Love, 'tis lawful for us to
deſpair and dye.

Am. Whither tends this diſcourſe I wonder?

Fi. Now *Amaranthe*,
I muſt entreat of thee one courteſie.

Am. What need you with ſo many circumſtances
intreat her whom you may command?
What is't?

Fi. 'Tis, that thou'dſt ſhew me this ſame ſlye
And ſubtle Thief, that ſo inſenſibly
Does ſteal us from our ſelves, the lookers on
Do ſcarce perceive w'are going, till w'are gone.

Am. And why
wo'd you know this?

Fi. Onely for curioſity.

Am. Take heed, take heed *Filena*, it is no
Good curioſity to deſire to know
Such dangerous ſecrets, as we well may ſay,

Their

Their ignorance does no harm, their knowledge may.

Fi. See *Amaranthe* how unkinde th'art grown!
Wo'dſt all my ſecrets know, but tell me none:
But now to ſatisfie your curioſity,
In plainer terms, know I'm reſolv'd to dye;
And having heard how death's a bitter cup,
To tell thee true, before I drink it up,
I'de ſweeten it ſo, as though the Fates do pleaſe,
That I ſhu'd live in pain, I'de dye with eaſe.

Am. How, you dye! now the Gods forbid!

Fi. No, no,
Thou art deceiv'd; for *Amaranthe* know,
They are ſo good, as when 'tis miſery
For us to live, I'me ſure they'd have us dye.

Am. But think, think what death is.

Fi. What is it more,
then going to reſt when we are weary, or
ſleep when we'd reſt.

Am. I grant you, when w'are dead
Death is like reſt, and th'grave but like our bed;
But if we chance to finde unreſt there, then
As we lye down, can we riſe up agen?

Fi. What is in t'other life, I cannot tell;
But what there is in this, I know ſo well,
As I'me reſolv'd to dye; ſpare then your pain
To ſeek to hinder me, for 'tis in vain:—
There's but one way to live, but nature ha's
Provided us to dye a thouſand wayes;

And

And hinder us from living every one
Can do, but hinder us from dying none.
Am. I muſt take ſome other way to hinder her,
(*Aſide.*
For this but makes her long for death the more.
And for the way that ſhe ha's choſe to dye,
Unknown to her. I know a remedy :——
Well then, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, I'le ſhew
You this venomous herb, upon condition you
Let me ha'th' tempering it, to make't ſo ſweet,
You even ſhall be enamour'd with taſte of it.
Fi. On any condition *Amaranthe* I'le dye,
But on no condition live in miſery;
Life is not worth it, and
For noble ſpirits 'tis brave neceſſity,
When they can't honourably live, to dye;
Whilſt to ignoble ones the Gods do give
For puniſhment, diſhonourably to live. *Exeunt.*
(*Enter Philander.*
Phi. Since no where we a conſtant woman finde,
But all light and wavering as the winde;
And there is no woman in all this wide
Circumference true, but ſhe was never try'd!
Why ſhu'd I grieve as 'twere my fate alone,
What's common I perceive to every one?
But theſe are thoughts unworthy her and me,
For 'tis not hers, but my inconſtancy;
If I can think her falſe, when I do know
Falſhood wo'd even be truth, if ſhe were ſo:

And

And nature of things quite change, rather then ſhe
What ſhe has been, ſhu'd ever ceaſe to be.

(Enter Palemon.

Pal. Oh fortunate *Palemon*! and the more,
The more unfortunate thou wert before!
And happy pains, happy affliction!
From which ſuch pleaſure and ſuch joys do come!
Now I perceive there's none can better tell
What heaven is, then who firſt have paſt through hell.—
Methinks great conquerors who in triumph come
charg'd with the ſpoils of conquerd nations home
Are but the Types of me, who in triumph go
To th' Temple to enjoy *Bellinda* now. *Exiturus*

Phi. Death! If I can ſuffer this,
I ſhall deſerve it: — Pray ſtay Sir,
for you have another victory to gain,
and enemy (I'de have you know)
to overcome, before you triumph ſo!

Pal. What victory d'ye mean, what enemy?

Phi. Why, I my ſelf and the victory over me;
for know, *Bellinda*'s mine, and I her Lover.

Pal. You! did you not ſay you were her brother?

Phi. I, but that was onely a diſguiſe put on,
to hide what then was fit ſhu'd not be known.

Pal. Why this does take all faith away from you;
For eith'r 'twas true or falſe you ſaid before;
If true, why then 'tis falſe you tell me now;
If falſe, there's no believing of you more.

Phi.

Phi. This fine Dilemma wo'd ſerve prettily
Ith' School, but not ith' Field; where it muſt be
Somewhat of finer temper then your words
Muſt make *Bellinda* yours, I mean our Swords.
(*Layes hand on's Sword.*

Pal. I pray Sir hold, and e're you go ſo far,
conſider but a little where we are,
here in *Love's Kingdom*, in a peaceful place,
where never any ſtrife or quarrel was,
but onely loving ones.

Phi. And is not ours for Love too?

Pal. If it be, let Love decide it, are you content
to put it to his Tribunal and Arbitrement?

Phi. That's a way poor, and low ſpirits findes,
This is the Tribunal and Arbitrement of mighty
mindes; (*Draws.*
'Twere folly in me to refer my Cauſe
Unto my enemies Tribunal and Laws.

Pal. Fortune as well as Love's your enemy,
Of her as well as Love you fear'd ſhu'd be.

Phi. For Love already he's declar'd my foe,
What Fortune yet may do, I do not know;
I'le try at leaſt, my comfort is I can
Not be in worſe condition then I am;
Caſt down ſo low, it is not in the power
Of Love, or Fortune, e're to caſt me lower.
(*Enter Polydor.*

Pol. What's here?—a quarrel tow'rds!
Our peace diſturb'd, and their offenſive Swords
Th'

Th' uncivil Arbitrers of civil ſtriſe,
Already drawn, threatning each others life:
Our guards,—where are they there? *Exit haſtily.*
Phi. We are diſcry'd,
Before they come, our quarrel let's decide.
Pal. Do, and you'l ſee how they but bluntly fight,
Who firſt conſider not their Cauſes right;
Whilſt thoſe who well conſider it before,
Have but their courages whetted by't the more,
Phi. And unto me conſidering is but like
The weak oppoſing of ſome bank or dike
Unto ſome torrents rage, which more y'oppoſe,
more raging and impetuous it grows. *(They fight*
(Enter Polydor with Guards, and parts them.
Pol. Hold, hold, I charge you in Loves name, or elſe
We are to ſeize your weapons and your ſelves.
Phi. What violence is this?
Pol. Your ſelf's the cauſe,
who firſt have violate Loves peaceful Laws.
Phi. Then in Loves Kingdom here ſhall Lovers be
Depriv'd both of their Loves and Liberty?
Pol. What Love d'ye mean?
Phi. Bellinda, who is my betroathed.
Pol. How! ſhe your betroathed!
Phi. I, all *Crete* can witneſs it.
Pol. If this be ſo,

y'ave

y'ave too much witneſs here already, and you
've diſcovered a ſecret, which now 'tis known,
May prove *Bellinda*'s ruine and your own.

Pal. O heavens!—now I remember me
by another Law, who e're doth falſifie
the ſacred Oath, are inſtantly to dye,
ſacrific'd to th' offended Deity:
But e're it comes to that, my life ſhall pay
the forfeiture of hers.

Pol. Come let's away,
Palemon, you've your chamber for priſon;
you Sir, muſt along with me unto
Theotimus to be examin'd.

Pal. I obey you.

Phi. And I obey neceſſity. (*Exeunt.*

(*Manet Palemon.*

Pal. VVell Fortune, thou giddy Goddeſs,
if *Bellinda* be to dye,
And thou haſt onely rais'd me up ſo high,
To caſt me down with greater force, I'le fall
So gallantly and bravely, yet as all
Shall ſay at leaſt, how e're unfortunate
Palemon yet deſerv'd a better fate.

(*Enter Amaranthe in haſte with other Nymphs.*

Am. Run,—run, and ſeek her all about,
or ſhe's but dead; and when y'ave found her out,
bring me word preſently, as you love her life.—
VVas never a more unfortunate maid and wife?

(*Exeunt Nymphs ſeveral wayes.*

Pal.

Pal. What buſie haſte is this.

Am. What are you there?
flye, flye *Palemon*, or the Nymphs will tear you in pieces.

Pal. Why?

Am. For killing the gentleſt maid eye ever ſaw, or *Cyprus* ever had;

Pal. What maid d'ye mean?

Am. Filena.

Pal. Why! is ſhe dead?

Am. Dead, dead, kill'd by your cruelty
And ſee poor ſoul what ſhe does write to me,

She reads.

Filena's Letter.

Pardon me Amaranthe,
for having taken the poiſon unknown unto you,
and deceiv'd you once in my life,
rather then you ſhu'd deceive me in my death.
Commend me to Palemon, *and tell him,*
that as I liv'd in hope of his love,
ſo now I dye for deſpair of it:
and let him after I am dead but wiſh me reſt,
and I ſhall reſt in peace. ——

FILENA.

Am. And ſo I hope thou do'ſt
fair gentle maid, or th' Gods ſhu'd elſe be moſt unkinde and cruel, ſhu'd they not to thee grant that reſt in death, which thou in life didſt want.—
Now you who for cruelty ſurpaſs

The

The cruel'ſt ſavage Beaſt that ever was;
Some Tyger bore thee ſure, or thou wert bred
With Tygers milk at leaſt, and nouriſhed:
If thou who art the cauſe of all canſt hear
This, and not vent a ſigh, nor ſhed a tear.

Pal. As for my ſighing and my weeping, that
Is an expreſſion too effeminate;
Onely for ſingle loſſes: ſuch as mine
Requires expreſſions far more maſculine:
Where grief and ſorrows are redoubled,
For dying *Bellinda*, and *Filena* dead. (*Exit.*

Am. What's that? *Bellinda* dying does he ſay?
Sure Love and death have chang'd their darts to day,
and there's ſome Planet reigns will kill us all,
but I forget *Filena*.

Enter a Nymph.

Oh now I ſhall
hear news of her——well have you found her?

Mel. No,
but *Lydia* ſayes ſh'ave trac't her footſteps to the ſacred Grove.

Am. Take a cruiſe preſently
Of pureſt water then, and follow me;
Yet there is hope I may retard her fate,
And ſave her life, which Love does make her hate.

Finis Actus quarti.

A C-

ACTUS 5.

Filena Sola.

The Scene, a Wood or Boſcage.

Filena.

THe poiſon now's arriv'd unto my heart,
The place aſſign'd where life and I muſt part,
And where I muſt reſign my lateſt breath,
Then farewel life, and welcome ſweeteſt death;
To priſoners freedom, to the weary reſt,
Comfort to th' ſad, and eaſe to the oppreſt:
Who'd then indure ſuch worlds of miſeries,
When life's but pain, and death no more but this!
Now, now I dye, yet Love lives in me ſtill,
Falls.
As if what Love does wound, Death durſt not kill.
Who doubt then whether thou immortal art,
(O mighty Love) could they but ſee my heart,
And boſom here, where thou canſt never dye,
It would aſſert thy immortality.

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. Bleſs me!
amongſt what a generation of Nymphs
am I fallen here, who are all ſo precile and pure,
as when they come but where men are, they take
the wind of 'um, for fear of being got with child,
as Spaniſh Ginnets are, and when they go away

bruſh themſelves carefully from the duſt, for fear of a ſpice of fornication, ever ſince they underſtood that man's but made of duſt. Ha! what have we here? a Nymph a ſleep: ah pretty rogue, have I caught you napping? ſhe ſleeps as ſnug and ſoundly as a young ſucking pig, you can ſcarce perceive her breath; what a great bleſſing is a ſleeping woman? for they'l lie quietly yet—— methinks I ſhud know her. (*Enter Lydia.*

Lyd. No news of her yet? 'tis ſtrange? but who is here? my goblin agen? what's that he looks ſo wiſtly at I wonder? a Nymph aſleep? for modeſties ſake I'le wake her——out alas 'tis ſhe? and dead? help, help the glory of Our Hamlets here, the pride of all our plains, Grace of the Nymphs, delight of all the Swains, Our Iſles chief ornament; *Filena's* dead! The gentleſt Nymph as *Cyprus* ever bread. (*Exit.*

Pam. How, is ſhe dead? what a beaſt was I then to let her go, for I'me ſure ſhe was alive.

Enter Lydia agen with Polydor *and Guards.*

Pol. A Nymph dead in our wood! it cannot be, here are no Savage Beaſts, and much leſs men ſo barbarous and ſavage to kill and murther 'um—— where is ſhe?

Lyd. There.

Pol. Alas

Pol. Alas, 'tis ſhe indeed,
how came ſhe dead, d'ye know?
Lyd. Not I, onely in this
poſture I found her, and that ſtranger by her there.
Pol. Oh, I know him,
and have cauſe to ſuſpect,
conſidering his former miſdemeanors here;
that he's the likelieſt man to have murther'd her,
ſeize on him, and let him be examined.
Pam. So, now am I finely ſerv'd
for hunting after wenches, to be catcht
my ſelf, inſtead of catching them, and like
to be hang'd for it, for ought I ſee:
well, if I be, my comfort is
I'm not the firſt man that wenching has brought
unto the Gallows, nor am like to be the laſt.
Enter Amaranthe, with the other Nymphs.
Am. Where is ſhe? where is ſhe?
ſtand from about her there.——
Pam. So wou'd I with all my heart,
if I cu'd get away.
Am. She is not dead, but onely intranc't.——
Pam. Marry and I'm but little better.
Am. You'l ſee
with this cool water ſhe'l ſtrait revive again.
Pam. And hot water will ſcarce
bring me to my ſelf again.
Mel. Take my tears too if water can only do't,
Lyd. And mine,

Clo. And mine,
Mel. And all of ours to boot. *(Enter Palemon.*
Pol. O *Palemon* welcome, I ſent for you
by order of *Theotimus*, to let you know
ſtrange news of *Bellinda.*
Pal. I fear I am but too
familiar with it already. *(they whiſper.*
Am. See, ſhe begins to ſtir,
And opens her eyes; I told you their fair light
Was but ecclipſt and not extinguiſht quite.
Pol. Then you may let him go;
Pam. Marry,
and I'le be gone then as faſt as I can,
and flye the land too, before I'le be put in ſuch
a fright again. *(Exit.*
Fil. Where am I? in what Region of the dead!
not in hell ſure, for there
are far more horrid viſions then are here;
nor yet in heaven, for there agen
are far more glorious ones; where am I then?
An. She thinks ſhe's dead ſtill.
Fil. Ha, *Palemon* here! nay then I ſee
Love takes delight ſtill in tormenting me, (Hell,
And there's ſome middle place 'twixt Heaven and
Where wretched Lovers, ſuch as I, do dwell;
Where ſh'ud I go to flye the ſight of men,
And where to flye Loves fires and arrows, when
Where e're I go, juſt like the wounded Dear,
I flye in vain, that which I carry here. *(Exit.*

Am. Go

Am. Go follow her,
and look carefully unto her,
Her wandring minde you'l ſee will come anon
unto its ſelf, when her amazement's gone.
Pal. Whate're it be, methinks there's ſome-
what here
Whiſpers remorſe, and chides me (as it were)
For my unkindneſs, and ſtern cruelty
Unto this Nymph, who thus wo'd dye for me;
But as loud windes won't let us hear the ſoft
And gentle voice of others; ſo the thought
Of dying for *Bellinda*, will not let
Me hear its voice nor hearken to it yet.

Enter Diophantes.

Dio. O noble youth! whoſe famous memory
Shall never be forgot, or ever be
remembred without praiſe.
Pal. What news brings *Diophantes*,
he's ſo tranſported with it?
Dio. That, which had I a thouſand tongues
to tell,
Or you a thouſand ears to hear, wou'd well
Deſerve them all.—Soon as 'twas rumored,
Bellinda muſt dye for having falſified
The ſacred Oath: but this ſtranger inſtantly
Offered himſelf with ſuch alacrity
to dye for her; as Love
ne're gain'd ſo glorious a victory, nor
ever ſo triumpht over death before.

Pal. Oh me! if this be ſo, I ſhall become
th' deriſion and the ſcorn of every one,
and was his offer accepted?
Dio. That you know
by th' Laws here co'd not be refus'd him.
Pal. How!
Ha's he prevented me? but do I ſtand
Senſeleſs and ſtupid, as I were dead here, — and
Had not a life to loſe as well as he?
No generous ſtranger whoſoe're thou be,
Since thou wert born my Rival, thou ſhalt prove
I'le rival thee in Death as well as Love. (*Exit.*
Pol. I fear the event of this!
Am. And ſo do I;
But wherefore is *Bellinda* doom'd to dye?
Pol. For perjury and falſhood, whilſt ſhe ſwore,
She lov'd one here, being betroath'd before
unto that ſtranger there.
Am. All that may be
Without forſwearing yet and perjury;
For what if he ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd be he
ſhe was betroath'd unto?
Pol. That cannot be.
For ſhe was in the ſacred Cell 'tis clear,
Long time before he e're arrived here;
In Sequeſtration, ſeparated from
Society of all, mean time her tongue
Charm'd ſilent, and eyes blinded as they were,
How co'd ſhe ſee or know that he was here?

Dio.

Dio. Are you convinced yet?

Am. No, not alwayes they
Convinced are, who know not what to say;
For my part until farther proof shall shew
Her guilty. I shall ne're believe her so:
For just as Images in Tapestry
Do all appear distorted and awry,
Until they're fully explicate, and then
We see they appear all right and streight agen;
So shê we now think guilty, we may finde
Innocent perhaps, when she explains her minde.

Pol. Pray heaven she may! mean time let us go see
This stranger, who shall ever honour'd be
Alive and dead; and be all Lovers boast,
and honour to Love's Kingdom.

Am. And that most
deservedly, for never any yet
For truly loving did more honour get;
Nor ever any whilst the world lasts, or
There's Lovers in the world shall e're get more.

Exeunt.

Enter Theotimus, Chorus of Musicians, Philander led to Sacrifice crown'd Victim-wise, Youths and Virgins with baskets of flowers strewing the way, &c. Evander.

The. Go noble youth, who does in dying prove
Death, who has power o're all, has none o're Love
And shews to th' world, that who refuse to give

Their lives for honour ne're deserv'd to live:
Go take with thee this consolation,
You lose a life that easily wo'd be gone;
But gain one by't, when thousand years are past,
And thousand other lives, shall alwayes last;
And though you might have longer liv'd, yet know,
You ne're could dye more gloriously then now;
To have all our Youths and Virgins strew
With flowers all the way you go,
With Roses and with Mirtle Boughs
Adorning your victorious browes;
And singing with triumphant Song
Your praises as you go along.

Chorus sings.

Thus shall be ever honour'd he,
Who dyes for Love and Constancy;
And thus be ever prais'd, who dyes
Love's Martyr, and his Sacrifice.

The. And if alive you thus are honoured,
Much more you shall be after you are dead;
If such as you can e're be said to dye,
By whose noble example and memory,
A thousand Lovers when y'are dead and gone,
Shall spring up in the world instead of one;
Who every year on pilgrimage shall come
To honour your dead ashes in their tomb;
Seeing whose votive gifts and offerings,
The greatest and the mightiest of Kings,

In

In envying you, and wiſhing them their own,
Shall for your tomb gladly exchange their throne

Chorus ſings.

Thus ſhall he ever honour'd be,
Who dyes for Love and Conſtancy;
And thus be ever prais'd, who dyes
Love's Martyr, and his Sacrifice.

Enter Palemon, Diophantes, Polydor, Amarambe, &c. following.

Pal. Juſtice, Juſtice, Sir.

The. For what? or againſt whom?

Pal. Againſt that ſtranger there,
who'd rob me of the honour and happineſs
of dying for *Bellinda.*

Phi. He's more unjuſt then I,
who 'as rob'd me of the honour and happineſs
of living for her, and now won't let me dye.

Pal. As if no rocks nor ſeas, nor flames there were
Nor other wayes of dying, but for her?
Chuſe any of them you pleaſe, your choice is free,
Onely dying for her belongs to me.

Phi. You may live for her, what wo'd you more? were I
So happy as you, who's liſt for me ſhu'd dye.

Pal. You talk as if there were no life to come,
No bleſſed Shades nor no *Elizium*;
Where thoſe who have been Lovers here poſſeſs
Eternity of joyes and happineſs.

Phi.

Phi. Heaven is my witneſs I ne're think upon
The joyes and pleaſures of *Elizium*,
Nor any joyes or pleaſures whatſoe're
But that of dying and ſuffering for her.
Ev. How like two towering Hawks they mount and ſoar,
Love never flew ſo high a flight before!
Dio. There'l be no end of this.
Pol. Peace, let them alone,
Greater example of Love was never ſhown!
The. Then let *Bellinda* come, and ſentence give
Whether of them ſhu'd dye, and whether live;
Are you content?
Pal. I am.
Phi. And ſo am I
ready for her either to live or dye.
The. Bring her forth then, with all the ceremonies
requiſite in ſo dire a Sacrifice,
All the Nymphs in mourning accompaning her,
The fatal Axe and Executioner
Before her, and (the whilſt they go along)
The *Chorus* ſinging of her Funeral Song.

The Song, ſung whilſt the Nymphs put on their mourning Veils.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Never was there greater woe,
Let us all the habits borrow,
And the face of grief and ſorrow;

Who'd

Who'd not ſpare a ſigh nor tear
From all miſhaps to ſpend it here!

Enter Bellinda veil'd, brought in by Polydor, the Popa, or ſacred Executioner before her, all the Nymphs weeping, &c.

Ev. Wherefore this ceremony, ſince ſhe's not to dye?
Di. Onely for terrour and formality.
Th. Come,—thus I unveil thy eyes, that thou mayeſt ſee
Unto what miſery and calamity
T'haſt brought thy ſelf and us, and thus uncharm
Thy tongue, the fatal cauſe of all this harm.
Bel. What means theſe ſable weeds and mourning chear?
Whilſt not a face but wears death's Livery here!
Th. 'Tis all for thee, (unhappy Nymph) put on,
That thou ſhud'ſt dye ſo untimely, and ſo young.
Bel. I underſtand you not, nor can I fear
Death, whilſt my deareſt life, *Philander's* here.
Pal. How's this?
(She goes to embrace Philander, and he turns away
Ev. This is more ſtrange then t'other!
Bel. Ha!
Philander prove unkinde! nay, then away
With the fatal Axe and Executioner,
And all theſe deadly preparations here,
They need not now; one unkinde look or two
Of his, can kill me ſooner then they can do.

The

The. It is thy falſhood and perfidity,
(Unfortunate Nymph) that kills thee, and not he;
Whilſt falſly and perfidiouſly you ſwore,
You lov'd one here, being betroath'd before
unto another.

Bel. How! I ne're did ſwear,
That I lov'd any but *Philander* here!

Pal. Oh killing declaration!

The. That cant't be.
For as for him, all *Cyprus* knows that he
Arriv'd not here, till after you were inclos'd
Ith' ſacred Cell, and ſeparated from
All converſation; ith' mean time your tongue
Charm'd ſilent, and Eyes blinded as they were,
How could you ſee or know that he was here?

Bel. Love is a fire, and there needs no eye,
But onely heat to tell when fire is nigh;
And Lovers by their glowing boſoms know
When thoſe are near they love: but leſt this now
Might ſeem too myſtical, to make't more clear,
As in the Temple I came forth to ſwear,
I heard his voice, and ſwounding inſtantly
For joy to hear it, whilſt officiouſly
They lifted up my Veil to give me air,
I glanc'd my eyes aſide, and ſaw him there,

The. Can any thing be more clear?

Pol. Or any more
Deceiv'd in judgement, then we were before?

Am. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent, I?

Bel. Yet can you doubt my faith and constancy?
Phi. No, but I doubt whet'r yet I wake or dream,
My extasie and joy is so extream. (*They embrace.*
Ev. See how they stand so ravisht with delight,
And so transported each in t'others sight,
'T can scarcely be conceiv'd by humane breast,
Much less by humane tongue can be expresst.
Th. Disturb them not,—& now a word with you *Palemon.*
Fi. Now Love grant my hopes be true.
Bel. Co'd you be jealous of me?
Phi. Dearest know,
I shu'd not love so dearly as I do,
Were I not jealous; for jealousie
'S but scorching of Loves fire, and he shu'd be
But a cold Lover, who sometimes at least
Felt not a little of it in his breast.
The. Come, come, I here command you to restore
That heart unto her, you took from her before;
For all the Isle knows 'twas *Filena*, who
Enkindled the first sparks of Love in you;
Till (hapless for both) *Bellinda* came,
And after rais'd those sparks unto a flame,
And holy Vestals ne're with greater care
Preserve their fires, then we Loves fire's air,
Enkindling one straight in anothers room.
Pal. In tepid hearths fires kindle not so soon.
The. Call not that tepid, where late such a fire
Did burn, ne're any in *Cyprus* flamed higher.

Pal.

Pal. But Loves fires once extinguisht, leave hearts more
Tepid, and cold then e're they were before.
The. Come, don't dispute, for I'm to be obey'd,
And now but look upon this gentle maid,
And tell me truly, did you ever see
A fairer, or a sweeter Nymph then she!
One for whose love there's not a gentle Swain
In all the Land, but sighs, and sighs in vain;
And she to love you, and to love you so,
She willingly would dye for love of you:
What cleansing water, or what purging flame
Can expiate your not loving her again?
Fi. Fall all the fault on this devoted head,
Rather then blame him for't, wou'd I were dead;
'Tis my unworthiness, and no fault of his,
He does not love, if any fault there is. (mov'd
The. Yet (obstinate as you are) are you not
To love again where y'are so dearly lov'd?
Pal. These vaults and walls built for eternity,
Love's Temple shall be sooner mov'd then I:
The. Nay then 'tis needful we apply I see
Our utmost and extreamest remedy,
Lest the contagion o'th' example shu'd
Nourish bad humors, and corrupt the good:)
Let him to th' desart Island straight be led
Whither all Loves Rebels are banished.
Pal. Unto what place so e're I am confin'd,
I may change place, but cannot change my mind:

But

But ſtay! what ſudden earthquakes this I feel,
Makes the walls totter, and foundations reel
o'th' Temple here!

The. 'Tis well, 'tis a good ſign,
Love who moves ſtones will move that heart of (thine,
More hard then they—and ſee O wondrous ſight!
The Temples fill'd with unaccuſtom'd light;
And love with flaming brand amidſt it flyes,
Illuminating with it all the skies:
Now (rebel as thou art) thou ſoon ſhalt know
Whether Love's God have any power or no.

Pal. Juſt as ſome gentle gale does fan the fire,
There's ſomewhat here within that does inſpire
My breaſt, and now't increaſes more and more,
Till that which onely was a ſpark before
Does by degrees ſo mighty a flame become,
As I am all but one incendium!
O Love, to whom all boſoms muſt ſubmit,
I feel thy mighty hand, and reverence it!

The. Juſt ſo *Phabus*, the Delphick God inſpires,
The *Pythoneſſes* breaſt with ſacred fires,
Onely the God of Love more mildly burns,
And 'ſtead of raging unto ſweetneſs turns.

Chorus ſings.

So gentle Love does all command
In fire and water, air and land,
And all with his commands inſpire
In Land and water, aire and fire.

Pal. And

Pal. And can you pardon me?

Fi. I can pardon any thing
in my *Palemon*, but onely his doubting
whether I can or no. And for the reſt,
Account my ſelf by *Love* moſt highly bleſt,
(Who payes debts beſt the longer he forbears)
T'have all my morning ſighs and evening tears,
My daily griefs and nightly ſorrows paſt,
Rewarded thus abundantly at laſt.

Pal. My dear *Filena*. } *They*
Fi. My deareſt, deareſt *Palemon*. } *embrace.*

Thr. Enough, enough, leave your embraces till
At fitter ſeaſon you may take your fill
Of ſuch delicious pleaſures and contents,
Such ſweet delights, ſuch joyes and raviſhments,
No heart can e're conceive, no tongue expreſs
The thouſandth part of their deliciouſneſs.—
(*To Phi. and Bel.*
Now ſee and wonder, theſe are Lovers too,
This is the leaſt of miracles Love can do.

Phi. Noble *Palemon*, I congratulate
Your and the fair *Filena's* happy fate:

Pal. And I, noble *Philander*, rejoyce no leſs
At your and fair *Bellinda's* happineſs.

Thr. Never was more abundant joy, and now
To th' paradice of happy Lovers go, (prove
Where with redoubled flames Love's God does
Whoſe hearts are moſt capacious of love:
And then with all becoming rites and ſtate,

When

When once your marriages are celebrate;
Philander you, and fair *Bellinda* may
At your beſt pleaſure either go or ſtay. (*Exeunt.*

Manet Evander, to whom Pamphilus *enters.*

Pam. And what ſhall we do?

Evan. I for my part, ſince
there's ſo much joy and happineſs
in marriage, reſolve firſt to go home
and diſpoſe of all I have, and after come
and marry here.

Pam. Promiſe you ſo won't I,
if there be no wenches
nor wenching buſineſſes here,
it is no place for me; wherefore my word is,
Come here no more.

Ev. And mine is, *Come agen.*

Pam. I'm ſure I ſhall have the greateſt part
of my opinion.

Ev. And I all the nobler and the better——
And now let's ſee which number is the greater.

FINIS.

Filena's Song, of the commutation of *Love's* and *Death's* Darts. *In the narrative Style.*

LOve and Death o'th' way once meeting,
Having paſt a friendly greeting:
Sleep their weary Eye-lids cloſing,
Lay them down themſelves repoſing.
Love whom divers cares moleſted,
Could not ſleep, but while Death reſted,
All in haſte away he poſtes him,
But his haſte full dearly coſts him:
For it chanc't that going to ſleeping
Both did give their darts in keeping
Unto Night, who Errors mother,
Blindly knowing not one from t'other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne're perceiv'd it,
Whilſt as blindely Love receiv'd it;
Since which time their Darts confounding,
Love now kills inſtead of wounding:
Death our hearts with ſweetneſs filling,
Gently wounds inſtead of killing.

An-

Another Song.

CElia weeps, and thoſe fair eyes
Which ſparkling Diamonds were before,
Whoſe precious brightneſs none could prize,
Diſſolves into a pearly ſhowre.

Celia ſmiles, and ſtraight does render
Her fair Eyes Diamonds again,
Which after ſhine with greater ſplendor,
As the Sun does after rain.

Now if the reaſon you would know,
Why Pearls and Diamonds fall and riſe;
Their prices juſt go high or low,
As they are worn in Celia's *Eyes.*

FINIS.